

Soul Survivor 1: Evening

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-- **E-mail**: skyfox@interlog.com --

-- **Rating**: PG --

-- **Summary**: Mac and Harm are driving back from Norfolk and run into trouble. Alternate universe. Warning: Character dies. --

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-- **Author's Notes**: This idea came about from a discussion on the JAG mailing list over which 'established character' was going to die. It slammed into another idea that had been in my mind and the following is the result. This could turn into a series if there is interest.

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> <p> <p>

> It was early evening but the road was dark. The moon and stars obscured by a heavy layer of clouds. Rain fell hard and the wipers of Major Sarah "Mac" MacKenzie's car worked harder to keep the

windshield clear. The distant lightening flashed barely penetrating the gloom. The road was nearly empty - smart people were staying inside on a night like this.

>

> Beside her Lieutenant Commander Harmon Rabb studied their latest case file under the faint glow of the car's map light. As lawyers with JAG - Judge Advocate General - they were often sent across the country to represent or prosecute Navy and Marine personnel who had been charged with violating regulations or, in some instances, criminal laws. This case, however, was at Norfolk and they had decided to drive themselves. It might help to keep Admiral Chegwidden happy with their expense report.

>

> Mac slipped her favourite tape into the tape-deck and the mellow sounds of Pat Benetar singing "Evening" softly filled the car.

>

> ". . . Evening

> you got me deeply in your power
 every minute seems just like an hour

> now that my baby's gone.. <p>

>

> Shadows fall upon the wall

> that's the time I miss your kiss
 most of all. . . "

>

> Over the sax solo, Mac heard Harm's sigh. She glanced over and saw him staring out the window. She caught her bottom lip between her teeth.

>

> "Harm, are you alright?"

>

> He turned and looked at her.

>

> "Yeah, why do you ask?"

>

> "You've been awfully quiet on this trip. I was just wondering if something was bothering you."

>

> "Well, there is something about Gregson's statement. . . I can't quite figure it out. . . ."

>

> "Not the case, Harm." Mac interrupted. "I'm talking about you."

>

> Harm was silent for a moment, staring at the folder in his lap.

>

> "Annie broke it off. She won't even let me see Josh." There was a slight crack in Harm's voice. "She said that I was a bad influence on him. I miss them, Mac."

>

> "I'm so sorry."

>

> "I even offered to leave - to get a job as a civilian lawyer, but she said. . . she said you could take me out of the Navy, but you couldn't take the Navy out of me."

>

> The song ended. There was a heavy silence in the car for a moment and Mac popped the tape out.

>

> "I guess we won't want to listen to. . . ."

>

> The end of her sentence was cut off as the car jerked forward from

being hit in the rear. The car swerved on the slick road and she fought hard to regain control.

>

> Harm turned in his seat to look out the back window. He had to squint to see through the rain and the glare from the headlights on the other vehicle. He could see them getting closer.

>

> "Mac, can you go faster? It looks like they are trying for a second run at us."

>

> Mac gripped the steering wheel tightly and reminded herself to breath. She felt traction return and eased her foot down on the gas.

>

> "Go left. They're trying to pass us in the other lane."

>

> The car slipped a little as Mac turned the wheel taking the car across the centre line of the road. She leant over the wheel willing the car to go faster. She could barely make out the road in the dark.

>

> "They're coming up on the right now - go right, Mac!"

>

> "Dammit, Harm! I can't see!" She turned the wheel slightly and felt the car hit something. The sound of metal on metal confirming her fears. Her heart was pounding, her chest felt ready to explode. She struggled to keep the car straight as they were hit again on the right.

>

> "Oh my god!"

>

> Harm heard the fear in Mac's voice and turn to look out the front window. Headlights were coming towards them on the two lane road. The attacking vehicle was still on their right, showing no signs of letting them back into the lane.

>

> "Hit the brakes!"

>

> Mac's foot slammed hard on the brake pedal just as the other car took another run at them. It caught the front fender and spun them hard. She felt like everything was moving in slow motion. The sound of screeching tires sounded far away. A flash of headlights and they were gone as the car continued to spin. There was the sound of gravel hitting the car and then a feeling of weightlessness.

>

> Harm felt helpless as he watched Mac fighting to control of the car. Then. . . he could tell they were falling - almost like hitting an air pocket when flying. Instinctively, he checked his seatbelt and pulled it tight.

>

> The impact crunched the front end of the car, pushing the engine back through the firewall and crushing their legs against the seat. The steering wheel hit Mac hard in the abdomen. She tried to cry out in pain but could not get her breath. The car then flipped onto the roof, shattering the windows. Harm's head was slammed hard against the metal support of the doorframe. Mercifully, he lost consciousness.

>

> Mac lay semi-conscious, held against the seat by the steering wheel. Every breath caused a sharp stabbing pain in her chest.

Through half-closed eyes she could see her legs. They were twisted in the wrong direction. Blood dripped from a wound on her right thigh. She thought it was strange that she did not feel any pain from those injuries. The pain in her chest had eased and she felt - nothing.

>

> There were voices. She heard them coming closer and tried to turn her head, but could not move. She tried to yell but could not even squeak.

>

> "Are they alive?" A man's voice.

>

> A hand came into vision. It moved in front of her face and she stared at it unblinking. It moved towards her and disappeared after a moment.

>

> "She's dead." A second man - with a very scratchy sounding voice.

>

> 'Dead?' The word rattled around in her mind. 'Dead?' They could not be talking about her. Her mind screamed, 'I am not dead! Oh god, please help me! I am alive.' But not a sound came out her mouth. She heard the men move around the car.

>

> 'Harm!' Her frustration grew - trapped in a body that would not respond to her. 'Please, Harm. You've got to be okay. You've got to tell them that I'm still here.'

>

> The second man spoke again. "He's still alive."

>

> "Someone's coming," the first man hissed. "Kill him."

>

> 'Noooooooo!'

>

> Mac heard other voices coming closer. 'Hurry,' she begged. 'Don't let them kill Harm.'

>

> "No," the scratchy voice said. "It's too dangerous right now. We'll take care of him later. Com'on."

>

> Mac would have let out a sigh of relief if she could when the two men moved away from the car.

>

> It seemed like forever before the rescue crews showed up. She watched the rain that was coming in the window pooling in the roof of the car because she could see nothing else. She heard a woman's voice say that the ambulance had arrived. 'At last,' she thought. 'Now they will know that I am alive.' Once again a hand passed through her line of vision.

>

> "This one's gone. Let's check the passenger."

>

> Gone? Dead? Was this death? Was there a god so cruel as to trap your soul in a lifeless body? None of this made any sense. Helplessness overwhelmed her, but there was no outlet. She would go insane like this. Perhaps that was the answer - perhaps she was insane.

>

> She listened to the talk of the paramedics and fire-fighters as they worked on Harm. They checked his vitals and set him up on an IV. The men working on Harm sounded confident about his condition. Other

firefighters sprayed the car with foam and Mac wondered what was going on.

>

> Someone crouched down at her window and spoke through. "Is he about ready to be moved? I don't like us working in all this gas. One spark and this whole thing is going to go up."

>

> Mac's heart skipped a beat. 'Well,' she thought ironically. 'It still feels like it does.'

>

> "We're about to cut the seatbelt. We've got him secured to a backboard already. Another ten minutes and he should be free."

>

> True to their word, in ten minutes the ambulance crew was carrying Harm back up to the road. Mac wondered what was going to happen to her now when she heard the dreaded cry.

>

> "Fire!"

>

> In her peripheral vision, she saw the flames spreading through the car. She watched, amazed, as the edge of her skirt began to smoke. A small red glow began to grow and turn into a flame. Soon the flames were all around her and yet she felt nothing.

>

> 'I wonder what happens now - what happens to me when my body is gone?"

>

> "Get back - it's going to blow!"

>

> A flash of very bright light blinded her. As her vision cleared slowly, she realized she was standing behind a crowd of ten people who were watching her car burn. There was a group gasp as the flames leapt high into the air. A couple of people turned and gave her a sympathetic look. She felt a hand on her arm and turned to face a woman who looked about ninety years old.

>

> "I'm so sorry, my dear. We did so hope that we would get here in time. It's that Mr. Wilson's fault. He just wouldn't admit that it was his time to go." She shook her head sadly.

>

> "Go?" Mac was surprised at the sound of her voice.

>

> "Yes, dear. We are all dead - just like you - but it was our time. It was not your time. Oh dear! I don't know what Angelico is going to do; he definitely can't put you back into that body now."

>

> Mac started to back away from the old woman. "This is too weird."

>

> The woman smiled knowingly. "That's because you weren't properly prepared. Oh where is Angelico?"

>

> "Who the hell is Angelico?"

>

> "Not hell, dear - heaven." The woman sounded so matter-of-fact. "Angelico is a seraphim. He works with the Angel of Death. Oh, here he is now."

>

> The woman smiled past Mac, who turned to see a tall, dark-haired man walking out of the fire towards them. The flames danced all

around him, but never even singed his clothes.

>

> "Sarah." A warm feeling of peace flowed over her when he spoke her name. She looked into his eyes and sensed his sadness. "I am truly sorry. This was not meant to be."

>

> "Then why did it happen?"

>

> "Accidents really do happen, Sarah. Surely, you have heard of the miracles of people who have been brought back to life. Those people were not ready to die. Just as you were not ready to die. Unfortunately, in your case, I have no way to return your life. You are going to have to come with us."

>

> "I'm not going anywhere with you. I'm going with Harm." She turned and looked up the hill to where the stretcher was being loaded into the ambulance. She took a couple of steps forward and then found that she could not move.

>

> "Sarah, I'm sorry but I cannot let you go. Nothing like this has ever happened before. I cannot make a decision on what to do - that has to be made higher up." Angelico glanced upward at his last words.

>

> "You don't understand. I was driving, it was my fault. I have to make sure he is okay." Mac turned to him with tears in her eyes. "There were men here - men who wanted to kill Harm, I heard them. If I lived, I would have been able to warn him."

>

> "You don't know that for sure. You may not have remembered. Sarah, you have to come with us."

>

> "Is he going to die?"

>

> "Not right now. It's not his time - that's all I can say."

>

> With a strangled cry, Mac watched the ambulance pull away - lights flashing and the siren screaming into the night.

>

> "Angelico." The old woman stepped up beside them.

>

> "Yes, Mary?"

>

> "We think that Sarah should stay here with him, at least until some kind of decision is made on what should happen?"

>

> Angelico looked past Mary and sighed. Nine pairs of eyes were pleading for him to agree with them.

>

> "Very well."

>

> The group smiled and he turned to Mac.

>

> "But it is conditional, Sarah. If the decision is made for you to come with me, there will be no more arguments." He waited for her reluctant nod, then continued, "You will also find that you will be able to do things that you could not before - do not abuse those privileges."

>

> "Yes, sir. . . . Will he know that I am there? Will he be able to

see me?"

>

> "Only if he believes, Sarah." Angelico smiled sadly. "Only the people who believe are able to see and hear angels. It has always been that way. Now go."

>

> Angelico waved his hand and the same bright light as before surrounded her. As it faded, she realized that she was in the back of the ambulance with Harm. His face was bloodied and bruised. The tubes and wires attached to his body frightened Mac. She took solace in the fact that Angelico had said that he was not going to die now.

>

> "Angels?" She whispered, wondering what he meant.

>

> finis. . .

End

file.